AMARYLLIS
TO
TITYRUS.
Being, the First
HEROICK HARANGUE
OF THE
EXCELLENT PEN
OF
Monsieur *SCUDERY*.
A Witty and Pleasant
NOVEL.

Englished by a Person of Honour.

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Amaryllis to *Tityrus*.

THE FIRST HEROICK HARANGUE OF Monſieur *de Scudery*.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Great Virgil, *introducing himſelf, in his* Eclogues *and his* Bucolicks, *under the Name of a Shepherd, called* Tityrus, *He regrets therein* Rome, *and the Court of* Auguſtus, (*being far from it*) *he confeſſed himſelf to be very little ſatiſfied with the Woods and Campaign*: *Which cauſed the Author to introduce him in this place, with his Miſtris* Amarillis, *who ſurprized him in this thought, and reproached him of the ſmall value he put on their Abode*; *repreſenting to him its Beauties, and compares*

'em to the defaults of that which he regretted; seeking to make him avow, That the Campaign Life is to be preferred to that of the City.

AMARILLIS *to* TITYRUS.

CEase, illustrious Shepherd, cease to regret the Magnificence of *Rome*, and and trouble not the Tranquillity of our Groves, by your unjust and inutile Plaints, and leave to perswade us, That be it for the Agreement of Persons, or Purity of Manners, or the Innocence of Pleasures, or the Felicity of Life, or for veritable Vertues, our Campaigns ought not to be preferred before the Pomp of the most celebrated Cities; and the simplicity of our Cabins, to the Abode of the most Superbe Palaces. I avow, that the description which you have made of this Haughty Pride, which vaunts it self of subjecting all

all the Earth to it, is very different from that which I have a design to shew you this day. In the one they see Crowns and Scepters; in the other but Chaplets of Flowers and Sheep-hooks. In the first, they see but by the splendor of Gold, Pearls, and Diamonds; in that which I am about to shew, you shall see no other Gold than that of the Sun-beams; no other Pearls, than that of the Dew, spread over the Enamel of our Meads and Flowers; nor no other Diamonds, than the liquid Chrystal of our Fountains: But, O *Tityrus*, how pure is this Gold, and what an agreeable Lustre have these Pearls, and how delicious is this moving Chrystal, to those who leave not themselves to be blinded with false Appearances; and He who knows to do as he ought, discerneth the Beauties of Art from those of Nature, and prefers, with Judgment, a durable Felicity from that

which paſſes away. You will ſay to me, perhaps, What do I mean to ſpeak ſo, it ſeemeth as if I had but little conſidered the Magnificent deſcription of the Portraiture that you have made me ſee of the Court of *Auguſtus*, ſince I accord not with you, that you have cauſe to complain of being ſo far from it; 'tis true, I have remarked all the Lines out, and I avow, that at the firſt, the ſight of theſe great Buildings of Marble, of Jaſper, and Porphyry, have made me doubt, if I ought not to prefer 'em to our *Grots*; however, I have not been any long time in this Error, and though, without doubt, this Picture is not a little flattering, I have not left to know, that you are in the wrong, to ſpeak of *Rome* as of a place in which nothing is wanting to render an honeſt man happy; and of our Foreſts, as of an Abode where one can find nothing, which can reaſonably ſatisfie

ſie a Perſon of Spirit. Examine all theſe things in order, I conjure you, and forget not to hear me attentively, and to perſwade you more ſtrongly, I ſhall let you ſee that *Rome* is, in my imagination, ſuch as you have depainted it, to the end, that by the oppoſition of the Life of the Court, and that of the Countrey, I may make you ſee the Advantages and the Defaults of the one and the other, that I may lead you the more eaſily into my Senſe. You have ſaid to me (if I deceive not my ſelf) that the Beauty of the places where they inhabit, ſerve very much to render men happy; and that fine Objects elevate the Spirit; and, that this being ſo (as I avow it,) *Rome* is the moſt charming Abode in the World, ſince that it is there, where one may find the moſt ſplendid Objects: You have, I ſay, aſſured me, that all the Temples there are filled with the Works of all the

greateſt Maſters of Antiquity; that all the Furniture is Superbe, and that all the publick Places are adorned either with Statues of Braſs, or with Triumphant Arches; and that, in fine, ſhe ſhuts up in her Walls all that which Art can produce of marvellous, and all that which is moſt rare in the Univerſe. We ſhall ſee after this, unjuſt Shepherd, if I ſhall find in our Solitudes wherewith to make you forget ſuch fair Objects, and wherewith to make you confeſs, that a Campaign Life is preferrable to that of the City. I ſee well that you find my Deſign too hardy, and that you have pain to comprehend (you, I ſay, who have never loved the place where you were born, and who have forgotten it:) that out of *Rome* one can ſee any thing of marvellous, nevertheleſs, there is a notable difference between the Ornaments that embelliſh it, and thoſe of the place where we

we inhabit; Art is that which renders it Fair; on the contrary with us, we rejoyce of all the Beauties of Nature; in fine, she's but the Work of men, and our Abode is the chief Work of the Gods. It is true, we have no Palaces, but if our Cabins are leſs Magnificent, they are by their lowneſs farther from Lightning and Tempeſts. And then, to ſay the truth, whoever ſets himſelf to conſider the marvellous Structure of the fretted Canopy over our Heads, regretteth not the moſt Superbe Cielings at *Rome*. But, ſhall I tell you, that it ſeemeth as though you ſtudied to tell me, that the Stars, and the Sun, each one in their courſes, enlighten not the Capitol, and that *Rome* is but a place of obſcurity and darkneſs. I avow it, Shepherd, I avow it, and to make you avow the ſame, ſuffer that I make you ſee that, which without doubt, you remember not to have ſeen, I

would say, the Rising and the Setting of the Sun in our Campaigns, be it when we are in our Woods, or when we walk on the Banks of some of our Rivers: Ah, Shepherd! if it is true, that fine Objects elevate the Spirit, and that the Marble, Jasper, Porphyry, Pearls, Diamonds and Gold, give agreeable thoughts, what ought not this fair Star to do, at his Arrival upon the Horizon? He who hath communicated to all these things the little Beauty that they have? In fine, there is nothing more Beautiful in all the Universe, than his Magnificent entrance in the Mornings with us; at *Rome*, they scarce ever see him without Clouds; the Mists and the Smoke obscure one part of his Rays; and they say, he is angry not to be employed in that place, but to enlighten Cheats, Flatterers, and voluntary Slaves, they think (I say) that he hides one part of his Light, because his heat

heat ſerves not there, but to dry the Dirt in the Streets. In the place where we are, when he begins to appear, it is but to diſſipate the innocent Vapors which ariſe out of the Earth, and to dry the Dew which refreſhes our Fields, and to open our Roſes, to paint the Wings of our Butterflies, and to receive the Vows of all the Shepherds in our Hamlets; alſo he appeareth to us all the Day, with ſo much magnificence, as nothing can equal his Glory: the firſt of his Rayes begin to ſow Purple, Gold, and Azure, in ſome paths of the Sky, and it ſeemeth that all Nature rejoyceth therein. The darkneſs of the Night diſſipates it ſelf, the Stars diſappear by Reſpect, the Birds awake themſelves to ſing: Our Flocks would go out of the Folds, and all our Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who are never weary of ſeeing the ſame Object, when 'tis agreeable, admire more and more,

more, this marvellous Maſs of rich and vivid Colors, which ſpread themſelves upon the Clouds at the arrival of this fair Star: they admire, I ſay, theſe Beautiful Impreſſions of Light, which he communicates to all Objects which are capable to receive it. He gilds the tops of our Mountains, and ſilvers the ſurface of our Rivers, and by his long luminous Beams he pierceth through the ſhades of our Foreſts, only to render 'em more agreeable, and not to take away their coolneſs, nor to diſſipate their ſhade. In the morning he permits us to behold him, at Noon it ſuffices that our Groves defend us from his Heat; in the Evening he makes us ſee his Image in our Fountains; but ſo charming and ſo marvellous, as all the Diamonds in the World cannot equal the Beauty of the leaſt of his Rayes. When he leads away the day, he gives us hope to ſee him very ſoon again, by the Superb

perb Apparel which goes before him, and when he unrobes himſelf, he ſeems to aſſure us, by the abundance of the Riches that he hath employ'd to paint the Skies, of Vermillion, and of burniſh'd Gold, and that pleaſing variety of bright and dark Colors, that his abſence ſhall not be long, and that he will return again to us in a few hours, as illuſtrious as before. I avow, Shepherd, by this feeble Diſcourſe that I am about to make, that there is nothing at *Rome* ſo fine as this that I have now repreſented to you, though this is not the onely thing that renders our Abode agreeable. There are other places where the Sun ſcarce enters, which are yet diverting enough; We have profound Grots within the Concavity of Rocks, where the Day never comes without difficulty, and the Night mingles its Shades with the Light, though Darkneſs is never intirely baniſh'd thence, and, tho'

they

they are carpetted and hung but with Moſs, nevertheleſs the Silence and the Coolneſs that's there is never encountred but with Pleaſure: there one may Treat himſelf with that Tranquillity and that Sweetneſs, as if he were the onely thing in Nature; there one may peaceably rejoyce of all the Charmes of Solitude: You may, if you pleaſe, go from hence to a Fountain, the Waters whereof are ſo clear, that it permits you to ſee through its Waves the diverſity of the Flints and Gravel which are at the bottom of its Bed: It makes but a feeble murmur, apter to invite you to repoſe, than to diſturb you with Chagrin: the Waters which flow from it forms a Brook, which winds it ſelf like a Serpent, making a little noiſe as it paſſes amongſt the Peebles, the Moſs, and the Flowers, into a Medow, where 'tis confounded with others which run thither, and there unite and mingle

from whence they go till they hide themſelves in the Abyſs, where they go (without doubt) to render their Tribute to thoſe from whence they came. At parting from hence, Shepherd, will you that I conduct you into one of theſe fine Medows, where you ſhall find a great Carpet of different flowers, where you may ſee an hundred Sources of Chryſtal; where on the one ſide there is an agreeable River, on the other a great quantity of Pines, Willows, and Alders, who by their ſhade permit you to paſs the Day (though the Sun be intirely there) very pleaſantly, as well as the Shepherds which repoſe themſelves there; but perhaps you will not ſtay there any long time: Let us go then, Shepherd, let us go into one of theſe Foreſts, whereof the Obſcurity, the Silence, and the Age ſeem to imprint a Reſpect in all thoſe which walk there. If this ſhady Foreſt were

gle their Waters, till they make a large River, whereof the flowing and the Banks make a new Diverſion, and the Purity on't ought, without doubt, to be more agreeable than the muddy Waters of *Tiber*. But if from theſe peaceable Beauties you'll paſs to thoſe which mingle their Charms with I know not what of terrible, and which give ſomewhat of Horror in diverting: We have dreadful Precipices, we have Rocks whoſe Tops touch the Clouds, and from whence deſcend furious Torrents, who in their fall make as much Noiſe as Thunder, or the Sea: They ſay theſe are Mountains of Snow, which precipitate themſelves one upon another, 'till ſo many Waters ruſh from 'em, that one would ſay to ſee 'em roul and bound in ſuch abundance, and with ſuch impetuoſity, that they would ſubmerge all the Earth, nevertheleſs they fall into a Gulph which is at the foot of a Rock, from

XUM

were at the Gates of *Rome*, it would not but be fill'd with Thieves or fugitive Criminals: and in this place, here with us, is found but Deer, Stags, Hinds and Kids: You may know by their number, that we employ not often the Toils to take 'em, and you may ſee by the little care they take to hide themſelves, that this place is an inviolable Azile unto 'em. All theſe great Paths, where the Day permits us with difficulty to diſtinguiſh the Colors, and we almoſt doubt whether the Leaves be not rather Blue than Green, leaves us not without ſomething wherewith to divert the Spirit, and the Eyes of a Melancholy Shepherd, and in ſome of the Walks, that have leſs of this thick ſhade, where the Sun-Beams come to diſſipate a part of this agreeable Night, there was never any thing ſeen finer than theſe long ſtreams of Silver, who ſeem as they would force this Obſcurity

to

to yield its place to their Light, and one would say, by the Agitation of the Leaves, that they would press themselves together to hinder their passage, but it makes 'em tremble the more, to give entrance to this Enemy of Darkness. As you walk from this Forest, will you let me conduct you to the side of a great Pond, whereof the Tranquillity wants little of the place from whence you came (which stay'd you to remark its Beauties.) The Zephire here is no more than what serves to curl its Waves, and it agitates them so gently, as you may easily see all the Fish which are at the bottom of these Waters, which are as Clear as Peaceable; some of 'em swim with precipitation, to seek their Food, others elevate themselves above the Water, whilst some of the more fearful go to hide themselves at the least Noise that they understand. But, if from the bottom of this Chry-

Chryſtal, you will conſider the Surface, you ſhall ſee it all covered with Swans; you may admire, Shepherd, the whiteneſs of their Plumage, the Gravity that they obſerve in ſwimming, and the Noble Pride which appears in their Eyes: Say they not that they deſpiſe all thoſe who behold 'em? and ſay they not alſo, that they have hovers in which they have a deſign to pleaſe, when they make Sayls of their Wings, to divert 'em, and that they ſwim not but to be admir'd? Ah, Shepherd! how far are the Inhabitants of *Rome* from theſe innocent pleaſures? their tumultuous Life robs 'em of theſe Delicacies. I am not yet at the end of the deſcription of the Places where we inhabit, I muſt therefore conduct you upon one of theſe high Mountains, from whence you may diſcover at once Rivers, Forreſts, Plains, and Paſturage; whereof the view is ſo boundleſs,

as if the Objects ſeemed to efface and ſhut up themſelves, and, as if the Sky touch'd the farthest part of the Earth you deſcry. But perhaps you love not a Proſpect ſo extenſive: Suffer then that I bring you to ſome of our little Hills, or into ſome of our Valleys, to the end to make you avow, that their Abundance ought to be preferred to the Sterility of the ſeven Hills of *Rome*: Theſe little Corners of the Earth are ſo much favoured of Heaven, that they ſeem to be intirely covered from all the injuries of the Air: The Wind ſeldom blows, the Hail ſpoileth not the Grapes, the Verdure is eternal there; and, I think, what they cultivate not, the Sun onely does it, and makes 'em grow and ripen, and does all that which Agriculture produces elſewhere with ſo much care and pain. And, not to forget that which ſhews the Liberality of our Shepherds, and that which

which is the innocent Love of our Shepherdeſſes; Can you put in compariſon the Perfumes at *Rome* with the amiable Odor of our Violets, Roſes, and Gilli-flowers, there is at leſt this difference, that the one ſatisfies but the Senſe of Smelling, and the other, beſides their agreeable Odour, pleaſe the Sight infinitely; in effect, can you ſee any thing finer than this prodigious Quantity of Flowers wherewith our Gardens are repleniſh'd, be it for their Form, for their lovely ſhining Colors, or for that pleaſing Variety that's found amongſt 'em. Believe me, Shepherd, the Magnificent Tapiſtries of *Rome* ſhews you nothing ſo marvellous: the Purple in them is not ſo fair as the incarnat of our Roſes, the Pearls of our Crowns Imperial, are better than thoſe of the Orient, and the leaſt of our Flowers is more worthy of Admiration, than all that which Humane Art can invent.

After that I have made you ſee that which I call the chief Work of the Sun, let me conduct you into the next Grove, it is there where you ſhall find that which one can never find at *Rome*; it is there, where you ſhall underſtand what they never underſtood in any City; it is there that you ſhall be conſtrain'd to avow, that one muſt be inſenſible of Pleaſure, not to prefer the Countrey Life to that of the Court. See then, I conjure you, this great number of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who, whilſt the great Heat of the Day continues, have conducted their Flocks to graze in the ſhadow, under the thickeſt part of the Grove, and admire the good meen of the one, and the Beauty of the other, (though this is not yet the place where I ought to ſpeak of it) and hear onely that which they hear, (I would ſay) this great quantity of Birds, who, by their diffe-

different Notes make ſuch an agreeable conſort: They ſay to thoſe that underſtand their Songs, that they diſpute amongſt themſelves who ſhall carry the prize of the Victory. But, above the reſt, admire this knowing Maſter of Muſick, who, by the leaſt of his Songs ſurmounts all others; the reſt have a ſenſe of their feebleneſs, and they refrain by impuiſſance, or by Reſpect, and the Nightingales are thoſe onely which come with equal Arms, and aſſay to vanquiſh or to be overcome, the one of the other. Hear how admirably this here paſſes his Cadences, how he falls his Voice and upholds it again, and inforces it there, and with what juſtneſs he animates his Songs: He who anſwers him hath a particular Charm, he is more languiſhing and more Amorous; but as he is more feeble than the other, I think he will be overcome: Hear how they redouble their Efforts, you may

diſcern the Joy in him who find, himſelf to have the Advantages and the Dolor, and the Anger of it, in him who feels his Forces diminiſh. Behold, Shepherd, when he can no more, his paſſages are no leſs juſt, though they're more frequent; the ſweetneſs of his Voice changeth it ſelf, and he ſings no more but by Deſpair; I diſcern through the traverſe of theſe leaves, his Feet can no more embrace the Branch that upholds him, and I ſee him fall with deſpight, and in falling he yet murmurs ſome languiſhing Notes, and he had almoſt rather loſe his life then his voice. Behold, Shepherd the only Ambition of our Campaigns, and compare it (I conjure you) with that at *Rome*: Though the condition of this poor Bird be worthy of Pitty, I avow 'tis better that Ambition make Nightingals dye, than that it ſhould Reverſe Thrones and Empires. In ſumm Shepherd, It is not

not only in the Spring, the Summer, and the Autumne, that we have the advantage of the City; the Winter as dreadful, and as Horrid as it is deciph'red, hath ſomething amidſt its Rigors, of fine and magnificent, in our Campaigns; The Snow which in the City loſes all its Whiteneſs as it falls, and conceives it there only on the tops of the Houſes; It makes here Rich Plumes with with the Branches of our Cypreſs, of our Cedars and of our Firs; Theſe Trees (I ſay) of whom the leaves fall not, mingles their verdure, with its Whiteneſs, and makes without doubt ſuch an agreeable object, as the Summer cannot ſhow us: and when the Ice, and ſharpneſs of our Froſts have converted all our Rivers, into Chryſtal, we ſee all our Trees Loaden with Diamonds; But you'll ſay to me perhaps that theſe Diamonds enrich us not, and that the Sun takes from us, what the Cold

hath given us: But Shepherds if theſe Diamonds enrich us not, at leaſt they do not make us Criminals, we cannot ſuborn the fidelity of any perſon with 'em, neither can they be employed to ſo many ſordid uſes, as (you know) they do theirs at *Rome*. There is yet one thing in the City, which ſeemeth to me inſupportable, it is that they ſay there, that there is but one ſeaſon in the year, for thoſe who inhabit in't: They ſee always the ſame things, they have always the ſame employments, their Houſes are always alike, their Pleaſures change not, and unleſs they have Cold, and Heat, according to the divers temperature of the Air, there arrives no change in their Life: On the Contrary with us, to whom Nature renews the year four times, giving us ſeveral employs, very different: The Spring with her Chaplet of Flowers, calls us to the care of our Medows

and'

and our Flocks; The Summer Crowned with Wheat-Ears, obliges us to the care of our Harveſts: The Autumn with her Garland of Vine-Branches, would not that we ſhould leave our Grapes to be ſpoiled by paſſengers: The Winter covered with Ice, would have us render to the Earth, that Tribute that each one owes her, to the end that at another time, ſhe may reſtore with Uſury, the Grain that we have Sown in her boſome, O! Shepherd how innocent is this Uſury? and how unlike to that which is practiſed in the City? we impoveriſh no perſon to enrich our ſelves, of this ſort; we need not hide the gain that is got in this manner, they can neither envy nor reproach us, neither accuſe us of any Crime: For as much as the more careful we are, the more we are praiſed. In the other, all their cares are blameable, if they are not blam'd, they have

have more pain, and leſs trouble, and which they acquire by injuſtice, they cannot poſſeſs but with inquietude: They fear the envious, their Enemies, and Thieves: But for us, we have neither Enviors, Enemies, nor we fear no other Thieves, then the poor Birds, which Rob us of ſome of our Fruits, however we would not baniſh from our Campaigns, theſe innocent Criminals, for the diverſion they give us in other incounters. But to make you ſee that maugre the Magnificent Structure of your Temples and of your Palaces, that notwithſtanding the Marble, the Jaſper, the Porphyry, that make all their Ornaments: and maugre your Aquæducts, your Statutes, and triumphant Arches; we are the more veritable poſſeſſors of all the faireſt gifts of Nature you have not. But to remark, that *Rome* Adorns not her ſelf, but with that which the Earth

Earth ſhuts in her Boſome, and of that which ſhe hides from the Eyes of men: Here we rejoyce of of all that, with which ſhe Adorns her ſelf, and of all which ſhe ſends forth to the view of the Univerſe. No Shepherd, theſe are not her Treaſures, theſe Mettalls, which are at this Day, the Tirants of Spirits, and the Corrupters of the moſt Sage; If they were her riches, we ſhould ſee our Trees loaden with Gold, Pearls, and Jewels, ſhe would adorn her ſelf, with her faireſt Ornaments and not leave imperfect, that which you call her chiefeſt Works; we ſhould not need Lapidaries, to Cut and Embeliſh our Diamonds, nor Refiners to purifie Gold, nor Artiſts to poliſh our Pearls, all theſe things would be finiſht before they are ſeen and produced, in perfection, as are our Flowers, our Woods, and our Fountains. Ceaſe then Shepherd, Ceaſe to remember, that

that the Abode of *Rome* is finer than that of our Campaigns, and prepare you at laſt to make the magnificence of your diverſions at *Rome*, to give place to the Innocence of ours: Of all the publique Feaſts with which you have entertained me, thoſe of the Triumphs, and thoſe of the combates of your Gladiators, are the moſt Celebrated. But O! *Tytirus*, theſe Feaſts, and theſe Joys, have ſomewhat of Tyranique, and funeſt; and it is difficult, for Rational perſons to rejoyce, in ſeeing ſo many infortunates. That which is called Delight, ought not to be mingled with Bitterneſs; Fears and Laughter, ought not to be ſeen together: And Bloodſhedding ought not to pleaſe, even in Battles; much leſs in Diverſions. Nevertheleſs the moſt agreeable that they have at *Rome*, are to ſee Kings in Chains, and four thouſand Gladiators killing one another,

another, to pleaſe the Roman people: O! Shepherd what are thoſe people who divert themſelves in ſeeing Rivers of Blood, and Mountains of the Dead. For us, we afflict our ſelves when one of our Lambs are Sick; and we are far from rejoyceing to ſee the miſerable dye cruelly: neither does it ſatisfie us, to behold Kings, or Princes loaden with Chains: For me, Shepherd; if I ſee ſuch a ſpectacle I have more compaſſion for the vanquiſht, than eſteem for the Victors. And in fine (to ſpeak to you as I think) I ſee no Innocent pleaſure at *Rome*. They inſult there upon the infortunate, and there they make their unhappy ſlaves periſh: They lead thither in Chains Captive Kings, after they have Uſurped their Kingdoms: And they hear there, and behold, not only without horror, but with ſatisfaction, the laſt plaints and actions of the dying.

Cæſar

Cæsar (as they say) wept after the Battle of *Pharsalia*, over the great number of the slain, that he saw lying there, without life and motion. But at *Rome* they Laugh at that which made Him weep; And they call that a Feast of rejoyceing, which ought rather to be named a publique mourning. Behold then Shepherd (I conjure you) if we are cruel, or innocent in our joys: And if in making you remember it, you avow not, that if we have less Pompe, we have more Ingenuity, and more Address, more Equity, and more pleasure: Recall then to your imagination one of the general Feasts of our Hamlets, or one of the Sacrifices that we make to the Gods, after the ingathering of our Harvests: is there any thing more agreeable then to see not Kings loaden with Fetters; not Gladiators covered with Blood and Wounds; But an innumerable com-

company of Shepherds, and Shepherdeſſes Crown'd with Chaplets of Flowers with a joy in their Viſages which communicates its ſelf to all thoſe that behold 'em: Some with Flagelets, others, with Shalms, ſome lead the Victims, others bring the Conſecrated Vaſes, ſome raiſe the Altar of Turfe, others put fire to it: And almoſt all have their Crooks enriched with Devices, Cyphers and Ribands, and the propriety of their Habits, ſerves to render them more aimable: It is not gorgious, but it is graceful, and although neither Purple, nor Precious-Stones glitter in them; yet their whiteneſs, and the beautiful variety of the Jewels that the Spring, Summer, and Autumn gives us, ſufficiently repairs that defect. In ſumm Shepherd, the beauty of my Companions (if I deceive not my ſelf) ought not to yeild to that of the Roman Dames. You will anſwer perhaps,

perhaps, if it be true that they have as fine features, and an Air as agreeable, yet I cannot deny, but that the Sun-burning in the Country, spoils their complexions, and destroys much of its freshness; But besides that the thickness of our Shades, defends us from that Enemy; I have yet to say that Tanning is better then Painting, and a native beauty is more charming, than that which is Artificial. For us; Shepherd, we appear such as we are; we have no other mirors, than our Fountains, nor other Paint then the Dew: Nevertheless there are maids found amongst us, in our Woods, whose complexions are so marvelous that they surpass the Lillies, in whiteness and the fairest incarnate of the Roses. The modesty of their Actions, the sincerity of their discourses, and the serenity which appears in their Eyes are things which are are not found

found but in our Campaigns, elſe-where they are but faint and Artificial: They regard, but to be regarded, they make no Conqueſts without deſign; and that is not fine which appears ſo: And they ſometimes deceive the diſcreeteſt perſons. But to return Shepherd, to this fair Aſſembly, where our ſage Paſtors, are the Witneſſes, and the Judges of our Diverſions, who have prepared the Prize for the Victors, (in this Feaſt) you know well by the ſimplicity of their Matter, that it is no ſentiment of avarice, that gives 'em the deſire to gain 'em, ſince that are deſtined for Shepherds, (as you know better than I) are but Panniers of Reeds, Sheep-hooks, Flagalets, Shalms and Darts: And for the Shepherdeſſes; Baskets of Ruſh, Crowns of Flowers, Noſegays and Ribands: Nevertheleſs we have as much care to vanquiſh,

as if we acted to Conquer all the Earth. But Shepherd, we need no Arms to carry this Victory; we shed no Blood to defeat our Enemies: They lead not in triumph, those who have had the disadvantage; on the contrary, instead of inchaining them, they embrace 'em, and they say to 'em, that they are the most expert, tho' they are not the most fortunate: And lastly they seek to comfort 'em of this little disgrace; (and if I am not very much deceived) Races, Lutes, Dancing, Musick and Poetry, give more diversion than all the Combates of the Gladiators; He then that Runs the Swiftest: He who Plays well on the Lute: He that Dances agreeably: He who makes the finest Verse: And he who Sings most skilfully, gives, without doubt, more satisfaction than the Combates of Panthers and Tigers, whereof you make so

ſo much diſcourſe. Think Shepherd, think well: If you had not rather ſee the Shepherdeſs *Galathea* Dance, or the fair *Lycoris* Sing; than to ſee a Lyon devour a Tiger, or an Elephant overthrow a *Rhinorceros*: Yes you like it better, I remark enough upon your Viſage that you accord with what I ſay, and I think alſo that you love better to ſee theſe two fair Maids tho' they have heretofore enthralled you, than to be the ſpectator of the moſt magnificent Triumph, that *Rome* hath ever made you ſee, when *Auguſtus* himſelf was Victorious. Bluſh not Shepherd at this little reproach that I make you, nor repent of ſo many Verſes that you have compoſed for their Glory; neither be aſhamed of having carryed the prize ſo often at our exerciſes, from the expert *Melibeus*, from the active *Coridon*, from the hardy *Menalcus*, and from the

ingenious *Daphnies*, in the ſight of our moſt knowing Shepherds. But if from our publick Feaſts, you will paſs to thoſe innocent Wars, which make ſome of our greateſt pleaſures, I would ſay Fiſhing, and Hunting, you will be conſtrained to avow, that *Rome* knows not all that which is capable to pleaſe, ſince ſhe cannot give theſe agreeable diverſions, to thoſe which inhabit in her: Nevertheleſs it is certain that one cannot find any thing more likely to pleaſe, than to ſee many Shepherdeſſes, with their Lines in their hands, keeping all a moſt profound ſilence, for fear leſt by the noiſe they ſhould make the Fiſh that they would take, goe from 'em, and hide themſelves in the bottom of the Waters: The one makes her Fiſh-hooks ready upon the Banks: Another caſt her Line into the River, and is ſo attentive to what ſhe does, that

that she appears to be her own statue, & by an action as subtil as pleasant, lifts up her Arms, draws the Line, and overjoyed with her prize, casts the Fish on the Banks, which after bowing, raising, and divers boundings, makes the emraulds of the Medow, shine with his Silver Scales. Another hoping to have the same succes as her companion, draws her Line without catching any thing; wherewith others hold themselves comforted, in having the same destiny. But that which is most diverting, is to see our Shepherds loaden with Nets, go to Fish a Pond; it is there that when they are happy, they make to be seen, in drawing their Net, a living wave as it comes upon the shore, by the multitude and diversity of the Fish, that they have taken: some leap above the Nets, others Break 'em, some bound above the Vase; others more happy save themselves, and

others intangle themſelves more in ſeeking to be diſengaged, and all of 'em make their efforts to ſave their lives, and to eſcape from that which retains 'em: But 'tis in vain that they ſtrive, and beat themſelves, for they have changed their element, and they muſt dye, the coolneſs of the Graſs is not for them, like that of the Water. This diverſion tho' very ſimple is not always ſo; ſince Queens as well as Shepherdeſſes, have ſometimes imployed themſelves in't: And *Cleopatra* who had the Glory to take, in her Nets, the Hearts of *Cæſar* and *Anthony*, affected to go a Fiſhing, and to caſt the Line, and made it one of her moſt ordinary Gallantries. But Shepherd, if there be ſome pleaſure in deceiving the innocence of Fiſhes, there is no leſs in deceiving that of the Birds, As ſoon as they have hid that which is to take 'em, under the

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heaps of Corn, that they have caſt 'em to the end that in ſearching for ſomewhat to live, they find wherewith to dye; ſometimes they Shoot 'em, ſometimes they are ſurpriſed upon the Trees where they uſe to go, the Branches thereof being full of ſome kind of Bird-lime, which retains 'em ſo faſt by the Wings, that the more they endeavour to fly from 'em, the more they are intangled in theſe dangerours Branches. After theſe innocent exerciſes, be it Fiſhing or Hunting, you ſhall ſee the one, and the other, returning charged with their prizes; the Shepherds carrying great Panniers of Reed, full of Fiſh; the Shepherdeſſes bringing Cages of Ruſh, where they have conſerved alive ſome Birds, that have pleaſed 'em; and altogether without abandoning the care of their Flocks, retake the way of their Cabanes. Thoſe that have been

happy, tho' charged with their booty, leave not to ſing ſome Eglogue, or to play on their Shalms; all their Flocks following their Maſters or their Miſtreſſes: The Dogs by their fidelity, take heed that neither Ewe, nor Lambe go a ſtray; and the Bulls by their long cries, and by their Bellowings, advertiſe thoſe of the Hamlet, that the Hunting or the Fiſhing is ended; and they come with all imaginable impreſſions of joy, to know the ſucceſs. It is too much Shepherd, it is too much, that I ſpeak of this innocent Warr, although (if I be not deceived) it ought to be preferred to that which has made to be erected, the moſt ſuperb Trophies and wherewith the Victors, have obtained their moſt magnificent Triumphs. Come then if you pleaſe to ſomwhat more ſolid, and let us compare the Vices of *Rome*, to the Vertues that are

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to be ſeen amongſt us. In the firſt place *Rome* is repleniſht with Flatterers, and we ſcarce know what Flatterie is: At *Rome* Lying and Wickedneſs Reigns, and in our Woods there always appears Verity: They are never wanting to praiſe that which meriteth to be praiſed: At *Rome* all men are ſlaves, either to their ambition, or to their avarice, and in our Campaigns, we poſſeſs more Gods then we deſire to have, and are avaricious but of time only, which we would always employ well. There men found at *Rome*, which make the greateſt poiſons in Nature, their greateſt treaſures, with which they would deſtroy their Enemies, (or themſelves if it happen that they are to be puniſht for their offences) Amongſt us we make ſalutary herbs our deareſt treaſures, which can heal the ſtinging, and biteing of Serpents. At *Rome* they think but of their own intereſt, here we think but of our plea-

pleaſure, provided it be innocent: At *Rome* all thoſe that inhabit there, ſeek how they may Render themſelves acceptable to the Prince: In our Woods we ſeek but our Equals: At *Rome* they will not be free, but love to kiſs the hand which enchains 'em: in our Hamlets we pay obedience to our Old Paſtors, with as much affection as freedom. At *Rome* thoſe who make the Laws, deride and break 'em; with us the moſt ſage Shepherds inſtruct us rather by their example, than by their words; yes we do rather what they do, than what they ſay; and we know not amongſt us, thoſe that break either Laws, or Cuſtoms. At *Rome* riches only make the difference between men; with us 'tis vertue and merit, make the diſtinction. At *Rome* all are buſied either to deceive others, or to hinder themſelves from being deceived; in the place where we

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are, we ſeek but the occaſion to ſerve one another; if it happen at any time, that one of our Shepherdeſſes loſe a Sheep from her Flock, that ſhe loves better than the reſt, all our Shepherds are in pain till ſhe recover that which ſhe hath loſt; They inform themſelves with care, and they tell to all they meet, all the marks of this aimable Animal, to the end to know whether they have ſeen it; they deſcribe its Whiteneſs, its Marks, the Flowers and the Ribands, which are tied to its Horns, and forget nothing of all that which may ſerve to their deſign; and if they are happy enough to retrive it, they return with as much joy as one of your Conſuls when they have gained a Battail. It is true that we ardently love to ſerve, not only our friends, but all thoſe that have any need of us. At *Rome* it is not ſo, for all the world there,

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rejoyces at the misfortunes of another: Thoſe whom the Prince looketh not on with a good Eye, are abandoned of thoſe that they have the moſt obliged; whatever vertue they have on the contrary, thoſe that he favoureth, tho' they ſhould be the moſt vicious, and the moſt imperfect of men, are found to have not only friends, but alſo Idolaters and Slaves. It goes not in this manner in our Campaigns; we ſee nothing above us but the Heavens: We have no Princes, nor favorites to fear or ſeek for; we live with Equality, we love thoſe which love us, and we hate no perſon. In ſumm, I have always heard ſay, that Shephards were the Image of Soveraigns, and that they ought to govern their People, as we govern our Flocks, and that the Scepter and Sheep-hook ought to have the ſame reſemblance. Nevertheleſs of the Faſhion that theſe things

things are recounted, there is a notable differrence between 'em, or to ſay better, they have no reſemblance, we love our Flock with tenderneſs, we have no other care but this to render them happy, we chuſe the freſheſt Graſs for 'em, and the cleareſt Water, we give 'em a faithful and couragious Guard, which are our Dogs, and we defend 'em our ſelves at the hazard of our Lives, when the Woolves attaque 'em, and we take care not only to nouriſh and defend 'em, but to hinder 'em from the extremities, of Cold and Heat, in the Winter we leave 'em in the Sheep-folds when the Froſt has Iced the Graſs. In the Scorching Heat of Summer, we ſeek umbrages in our Groves for 'em and defend 'em from all ſorts of inconveniencies: when they are ſick we ſeek remedies which are proper for 'em; when they are well, we deck them with

Flowers

Flowers, and Ribands; it is not not so with some of these Princes who ought to be Pastors, they do not love their Flock, nor care to be loved of 'em, provided that they be feared, they serve themselves more of the Crook to fear 'em than to reassemble or defend 'em; instead of chusing their Grass and their Waters, they would have their Flock serve only to their magnificence and profit; instead of keeping 'em as we do, they reverse the order, and 'tis the Flock which keep the Pastors; in leiv (I say) of defending 'em, from all sorts of incommodities, 'tis these that cause it every way, when they are sick they are so far from seeking remedies, that they augment their Evils, by their tyranies; and when they are well, they are so far from adorning them, that they spoil them of their natural ornaments: we would have our Flocks always Fat, and they

they would have theirs Lean and Feeble. Shepherd we content us to take from 'em their Wool to make afterwards Purple wherewith to make their moſt Rich Habits, they pluck it from theirs with violence, and I dare ſay, that the Purple that covers them, rather Borrows its Color from the Blood of their Flock, than from the induſtry of the moſt excellent Artiſts, of whom they boaſt ſo at *Rome*. Ah Shepherd, if we had ſuch Paſtors amongſt us, we would baniſh 'em from our Campagns, and we would eſteem 'em worſe than Wolves, who are the declared enemies of our Flocks: we would degrade 'em from this noble employ, and take a way their Sheep-hooks, Pipes, Scrips, Shalms, and all the Glorious marks of our innocent profeſſion. *Tityrus* I muſt tell you 'tis a dangerous thing, when a Soveraign is no good Paſtor, and it were bet-

better to make a faithful Paſtor, a King, than to have a King, which cannot be a good Paſtor: I know what you will ſay to me, that there is to be found, at this time, a Prince who has ſo much ſweetneſs, clemency and bounty, that he rather merits the name of a good Paſtor, than that of a Tyrant: And that *Auguſtus*, after having brought back his Troops, is one of the beſt Paſtors that ever carried Sheep-hook: But tell me in a few words, how many Sheepcotes hath he deſtroyed, and deſolated to inrich his Flock? how much Blood hath he ſhed? how many Paſtors hath he killed? how many Tigers, Panthers, and Wolves, have ſerved him, to make Deſart the faireſt Medow of the Empire? and how many innocent Lambs, have felt his fury, before they found his Clemency? Speak Shepherd I conjure you, and anſwer me preciſely.

No,

No no, I ſee well by your ſilence, that you cannot contradict me, and that you are conſtrained to avow, that there are more Paſtors to be found, who would make good Princes, than Princes, capable to be good Paſtors. In effect, the felicity of a Compaign life, is not ſo very much unknown at *Rome*, but that it hath been embraced with fervor, by her moſt illuſtrious Heroes; yes thoſe who after having gain'd Battails, (as you know better than I) have Cultivated the Earth with their own hands, they have alſo, in the preſſing affairs of the publick, been recalled from holding the Plow to guide the Reigns of the Empire, and from the Coulter, to the head of an Army; and from Solitude to Court. Nevertheleſs theſe men, after they have done theſe great and fair Actions there, have never been more praiſed, than when af-

ter having governed the republique, carried Cities with force, gained Battails, recovered the Bounds of Roman Puiſſance, and meritted the Honors of Triumph, they were ſeen to refuſe theſe Honors, to return to the government of the Plow, from the head of an Army to the Campaign life, and from the Court to ſolitude. After this Shepherd, complain not of your deſtiny, and have not the injuſtice, to find nothing ſweet but the magnificences of *Rome*, ſince our ſimplicity is better than her Artifice; and if from general manners, we paſs to particular paſſions, you ſhall find that all thoſe which have been accuſtomed, to cauſe the greateſt diſorders, are not known amongſt us, to produce any other than agreeable effects. Firſt ambition torments us not, we are but the Children of Shepherds, and we would be no more; our deſire

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having no other object, we deſire nothing elſe, we live without pride, and without inquietude; we ſee nothing above our heads, but the Heavens, nor nothing under us; We are without inſolence, and without chagrin, and we would not change our Sheep-hooks, for all the Scepters of the univerſe. It is eaſy to Judge that if we are not Ambitious, we know neither envy, nor avarice, ſince theſe two paſſions, are almoſt inſeperable one from another: wrath is unknown to us, and hatred can have no entrance in a Country where all is worthy to be loved: but you'll ſay to me what then is this paſſion, which hath been accuſtomed to produce ſuch ſtrange diſorders in the City, and of which you'll make but agreeable effects to be ſeen in your Campaigns? As for me there is ſo long a time ſince I dwelt there, that I have almoſt loſt the

Remembrance on't. It is *Tityrus* the moſt noble, and the moſt puiſſant of all others, it is that which made *Hercules* Spin, which Burnt *Troy*, and which hath overthrown ſo many Empires; which hath cauſed ſo many Ruins, through all the Corners of the Earth; which hath made ſo many Wars; which hath given *Anthony* to *Cleopatra*, *Auguſtus* to *Livia*: It is, in fine, this paſſion, which hath its birth amongſt the delicacies of Flowers, of Groves, of Fountains, of Medows, of Shepherds, and Shepherdeſſes, with more innocence and leſs bitterneſs, than upon the Throne, and in the Palaces of great Kings, it is in thoſe elevated places, that this Paſſion called Love, is almoſt always dangerous: a lover which gives Laws to all the World, is no leſs apt to receive it of his Miſtreſs: He wills what

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He desires more ardently, and obstinately, than others, and when He finds any obstacle in his designs, this Crowned slave, that hath not been accustomed to obey, and who hath always been accustomed to be obeyed by all those who approach him; This slave (I say) quits his Chains and revolts, remounts upon the Throne, and becomes the Tyrant of her, of whom he called himself the Captive, and often makes her prove the most funest adventures. But on the contrary amongst us, this little God, whose puissance hath no bounds, never appears in our Woods, without the Graces of his Mother, he inspires not into the hearts of Shepherds, none but reasonable sentiments, we see 'em kiss their Fetters, even then when the Rigor of their Mistresses, makes 'em seem heaviest, They receive favors with Transport, and when that they are ill treated, their

discretion and their patience, obliges 'em, to support this misfortune with respect, and with submission: They are always our Slaves and by consequence they are never our Tyrants: we have some rigorous Shepherdesses, but we have no indiscreet Shepherds: They are in pain but to discover their plaints upon their Pipes, and their Shalms: their Verse, their Song, and their discourse, are all full of our praises; all our Trees are graven with their Characters, and ours mingled together; and by all their Actions, they give us dayly new marks of their esteem, or Love. Constancy, that vertue which so few men practice in Cities, is incountred almost every where amongst us: the equality of our Conditions, and of our Riches, make the most feeble to continue constant. There is here neither Scepters, Gold, or Diamonds, which may Blind or Suborne

Suborne us; the wiſeſt amongſt us deſpiſe 'em and others know 'em not. You cannot ſee here a Husband repudiate many Wives, as at *Rome*; here the Lover continues his paſſion after Mariage; he would not acquire us, but to eſteem us the more. Here they take care of the conqueſts that they have made and make it their Glory to carry but one Chain in all their life. Our Shepherdeſſes are no leſs faithful, their freedome and their innocence, make 'em ſo candid, that they diſguiſe not their ſentiments: They are modeſt and ſincere, and if a little Jealouſie, maugre ſo many vertues, which ought to hinder its birth, trouble not the tranquillity of our Woods, all our Roſes would be without Thorns, and our pleaſures without any mixture of Bitterneſs: However this Paſſion acts not here as at *Rome*, they have there recourſe

to violence, they put in uſe Poyſons, Poniards, and they ſerve 'em equally againſt the Rival, and the Miſtreſs. But here the greateſt evil which can arrive to us, is to ſee the complexion of our fair maids become a little Pale. The flocks of our Shepherds reſent the inquietudes of their maſters, who paſs their trouble in the darkeſt Groves, abandoning them, to the care of one of their friends: This retreat however lets us ſee but few Tragical events, and ordinarily ſome Complaint, ſome Song, and ſome Verſe make the Revenge and the accommodation of the moſt Jealous. If it is the Shepherdeſs which is irritated, they bring back her Lover to her feet, ſorrowful and changed as he is, She hears him, receives his juſtification; and if he be innocent ſhe pardons him, and if he be culpable, provided that he repent himſelf, and that

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he demand his Pardon with a good grace; but if, on the contrary, 'tis ſhe that is in the wrong, we condemn her to make him a Chaplet of Flowers, with her own hand, and ſomtimes we conſent that he Rob her of a Bracelet of her Hair; after that their felicity is more ſolidly founded than before, and the Innocence of their lives juſtifies all their pleaſures, and they continue the moſt happy of any in the World; the Shepherd takes care of his Miſtreſſes Flock, and they are almoſt always upon the ſame heaths as his, they ſeek the ſame ſhades, their Sheep-hooks are engraven with the ſame Characters, their baskets are tied with the ſame Ribans, their Sheep deck'd with the ſame colors, and even their Dogs ſeem to have contracted together ſome particular amity. This happy ſtate conſidered as it ought to be; is it not true Shep-

herd,

herd, that the love at *Rome*, ought to be painted of another manner than our's? he ought to be repreſented as a Fury, and he ought to have more of the Bow, and more of the Flambo (given him) to ſee the diſorders that he hath cauſed, and he ought to bear a Syth as well as *Saturn*, and as death, ſince that he deſtroys as many, as Time and Death Deſtroy. He reverſeth all as well as they, he never carries Love into a Heart, but Hate, Jealouſie, and Choller, ſoon follow after it: He ought then to be depainted as a Monſter, he produceth ſo many different things in the ſame moment. But for him who inhabits, with us, he ought never to be ſeen but upon a Bank of Flowers; He ought to have his Wings of the ſame Colors as the Rain-Bow; and his Scarf, of the delicateſt Silk, his Shafts and Quiver adorned with Roſes and Jaſmin:

min: His complexion white and incarnate, that Laughter never abandon him, and that his Innocence appear in all his Actions, and that his Flambo seem rather to light us than to trouble us. Judge then (after all I have said to you) if the abode at *Rome*, ought to be preferred to that of the Campaign? we have our habitations in the finest places in Nature; we injoy all the innocent pleasures, and are the possessors of all veritable Riches, and we are not very far from the most solid vertue: our customs are equitable, and we have no Ambition, and we see nothing above us that we can desire, and what can I say more? Render you then Shepherd, render you then to reason, to my prayers, and to my persuations, and to your self; for without doubt you would not indure, that I should give you

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the Name of a Shep-herd, if you did not eſteem it glorious. So many Eglogues as you have made juſtifie (much better then I) the advantages of a Campaign life. Remember you no more than not to be perſwaded of this that I deſire. It ſhall ſuffice one day to remember that *Tityrus* after having Sung the Acts of *Æneas* (as he hath a deſign) hath not diſdain'd to accord his Pipe, and his Shalms, with thoſe of our expert Shepherds: Remember not (I ſay) the Sunbeams to be as illuſtrious as I have depainted 'em; Nor our Rivers whoſe waves are Argent; Nor the aimable obſcurity of our Grots: Nor the Emraulds of our Medows: Nor our high Mountains, of whom the ſight is ſo delightfull: Nor our Torrents, the fall of whom tho' they are ſomewhat dreadful, are nevertheleſs diverting: Nor the Shades of our Forreſts: Nor of the Ponds covered with Swans: Nor our little Hills: Nor our Valleys:

Nor

Nor the aimable diverſity of our Flowers: Nor our Woods: Nor the Muſick of our Nightingal: Nor the advantages that we have of the City in all the ſeaſons of the year: Forget alſo if you can the Beauty of our Shepherdeſſes: Loſe the memomory of our Feaſts, of our Sacrifices, of our Huntings, of our Fiſhings: The innoeence of our manners, and of *Amarillis* her ſelf: But Remember at leaſt to ſay nothing againſt a Campaign life. But go forth out of *Rome* and be as you were before: You have been a Shepherd, you have carryed the Sheep-hook and the Basket, with the ſame hand wherewith you have written the praiſes of a Trojan Prince, and the Complaints of *Dido*: You have writ the Plaints of *Tityrus*, to the Shepherdeſs *Galatea*, and the praiſes of a Campaign Life.

The

The effect of this Harrangue.

THE Reader may believe that this diſcourſe was perſuaſive, ſince that *Virgil*, (who is the ſame as *Tityrus*) regretted not *Rome*, but once only, in all his Bucoliques (tho' he were three years in Compoſing them.) He imployed ſeven years afterwards, in the compoſition of his Georgicks, a work of the ſame nature, which contains all the Offices of a Paſtoral Life. Alſo can one (as I have ſaid) unleſs his imagination be deceived, but belive that *Amarillis*, perſuaded, in ſome ſort, *Tityrus*? This Large Campaign, is curiouſly enough depainted & boldly enough touch'd, not to diſpleaſe his Eyes.

To